

THE  
ASSASSINATION  
OF LINCOLN

---

E. W. COGGESHALL

COGGESHALL

M 2447

1. 1920

2. 1924

LINCOLN NATIONAL  
LIFE FOUNDATION

6374  
M2447<sup>D</sup>

Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

THE ASSASSINATION  
OF LINCOLN



# THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

BY  
E. W. COGGESHALL



CHICAGO  
WALTER M. HILL  
1920

**COPYRIGHT 1920 BY  
E. W. COGGESHALL**

**THE  
TORCH  
PRESS  
CEDAR  
RAPIDS  
IOWA**



## ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

### I

WHEN it was known in February, 1861, that a conspiracy to assassinate the president-elect on his way to the capital, had been discovered and thwarted, the peril of the nation was the thought uppermost in all minds. When on the 14th of April, 1865, the news flashed over the land, that conspiracy had compassed the death of Abraham Lincoln, it was grief for the man that filled all hearts, for in those four intervening years his countrymen had learned to know, to love, and to trust him.

Their appreciation of his greatness grows with the years, and every incident in his remarkable career gathers new interest.

It was a striking tribute to his complete identity with the cause he served, that all through his administration his life was sought, for never was there a man with fewer elements in his character to excite personal enmity. Despite the ever present danger, he

went on his way as simply and as fearlessly in Washington as in Springfield, taking no thought for himself, and yielding reluctantly to precautions that the thought of others took for him.

"If they kill me," he said, "the next man will be just as bad for them. In a country like this, where our habits are simple, and must be, assassination is always possible, and will come if they are determined upon it."

There could have been no more determined assassin than the young actor John Wilkes Booth — a bitter partisan of the Southern cause, with an actor's love of dramatic situations, an insatiable craving for notoriety, and recklessness akin to madness.

His youth — he was only twenty-six in 1864 — his personal beauty, his theatrical manners, and his fervent devotion to the South combined to fit him for leadership among the spies and blockade runners who were continually passing through Washington during the war, ready for any plot against the government that promised gain or glory.

It will never be known when he first conceived the idea of making the president his

victim, but that it was a brooding intent long before the blow was struck is beyond question.

He acted in Meadsville, Pennsylvania, in August, 1864, and when he left these words were found scratched on a window pane in his room at the McHenry House: "Abe Lincoln departed this life Aug. 13th, 1864, by the effects of poison."

The circumstance attracted no attention until after the assassination, when it was connected with an alleged plot to poison Mr. Lincoln through the boy Herold, then a clerk in a drug store in Washington, where the president dealt, but no satisfactory evidence of such a plot was found.

The defeat of Mr. Lincoln in the presidential campaign of 1864 was of the utmost importance to the Confederacy. Its fortunes were becoming desperate, his reëlection meant the vigorous prosecution of the war and the early suppression of the rebellion.

There were rumors of an intended rising in New York City on election day, in the interest of the South, so apparently well founded that troops were concentrated in and around the city, and General Butler was sent

to assume command of them in the emergency.

The election passed off quietly, Mr. Lincoln was reëlected and the hatred with which he inspired the enemies of the Republic increased in intensity.

On the day after General Butler left the city, a Mrs. Hudspeth, riding in a Third Avenue car, was attracted by the appearance of two young men among her fellow passengers, one of whom carried a pistol in his belt and was evidently disguised. She heard one of them say that he was going to Washington that afternoon.

After they had left the car she picked up two letters from the floor supposing them to be hers. One signed "Leeneea" was from a woman pleading with her husband to return to her, the other in a man's, and evidently disguised, hand was as follows:

Dear Louis,

The time has at last come that we have all so wished for, and upon you everything depends. As it was decided before you left we were to cast lots. Accordingly we did so and you are to be the Charlotte Corday of the Nineteenth Century. When you remember the fear-

ful solemn vow that was taken by us, you will feel there is no drawback. *Abe* must *die* and *now*. You can choose your weapons. The cup, the *knife*, the bullet. The cup failed us once and might again. Johnson who will give this, has been like an enraged demon since the meeting, because it has not fallen upon him to rid the world of the monster. He says the blood of his gray haired father and his noble brother call upon him for revenge, and revenge he will have, if he cannot wreak it upon the fountain head, he will upon some of his bloodthirsty generals. Butler would suit him. As our plans were all concocted and well arranged, we separated, and as I am writing on my way to Detroit, I will only say that all rests upon you. You know where to find your friends. Your disguises are so perfect and complete, that without one knew your face, no police telegraph despatch would catch you. The English gentleman Harcourt, must not act hastily. Remember he has ten days. Strike for your home, strike for your country; bide your time, but strike sure. Get introduced, congratulate him, listen to his stories — not many more will the brute tell to earthly friends. Do anything but fail, and meet us at the appointed place within the fortnight. I enclose this note

together with one of poor Leenea. I will give the reason for this when we meet. Return by Johnson. I wish I could go to you, but duty calls me to the West; you will probably hear from me in Washington. Saunders is doing us no good in Canada.

Believe me your brother in love

CHARLES SELBY.

General Scott, to whom these letters were first taken, considered them of sufficient importance to send them to General Dix, who forwarded them to Charles A. Dana, assistant secretary of war, at Washington. Dana laid them before Mr. Lincoln and while he apparently took no greater interest in them than in the many other threatening letters he received, these alone he preserved. They were found among his private papers after his death, in an envelope, endorsed in his own hand "Assassination."

Beyond the facts that Booth was in New York on the day the letters were found and went from there to Washington, and that upon being shown his photograph Mrs. Hudspeth swore that he was the man she had seen, in disguise — nothing was ever discovered as to the plot referred to or the parties

engaged in it, nor was the writer of the letter ever identified.

In this same month, November, 1864, Booth evidently had in contemplation the abduction of Mr. Lincoln. He wrote a letter which he placed in a sealed envelope addressed to himself and left with his brother-in-law, J. S. Clarke, of Philadelphia. This letter was opened by Mr. Clarke on April 17th. It commenced without address:

1864

MY DEAR SIR: You may use this as you think best. But as *some* may wish to know *when*, *who*, and *why*, and as I do not know *how* to direct it, I give it (in the words of your master)  
 "To whom it may concern."

Right or wrong, God judge me, not man. For be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North.

After a long tirade in favor of slavery and the South in the course of which he refers to the fact that he "aided in the capture and execution of John Brown" — he says: "My love (as things stand to-day) is for the South alone. Nor do I deem it a dishonor in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much

of misery. If success attend me, I go penniless to her side. . . .

A Confederate doing duty upon his own responsibility.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

On the occasion of Mr. Lincoln's second inauguration Booth was at the Capitol and endeavored to force his way through the police lines in the passage way to the front of the building, possibly with the idea of attacking the president, as he was heard to say afterwards that he had "lost an excellent chance of killing the president on that day."

Towards the end of March, Secretary Seward received from our consuls in London and Liverpool reports of revelations made to their secret agents in France of a comprehensive conspiracy against the lives of the president and Generals Grant and Sherman. These warnings were so distinct and direct, that Mr. Seward consulted Secretary Stanton in regard to them, and it was agreed that he should lay the subject before the president the next day, and earnestly represent to him the expediency of avoiding for a time all public gatherings and all needless exposure to possible assault.



But the next day Mr. Seward was thrown from his carriage and, his foot catching on the steps, he was dragged for some distance and so seriously injured, that he was compelled to dismiss all thought of public matters from his mind.

No warning, however, of Booth's conspiracy seems to have reached the government though it was in preparation for months in the city of Washington. This seems the more incredible when we consider the number and character of those engaged in it.

Payne, whose real name was Lewis Thornton Powell, was not yet of age though of herculean frame; he was a deserter from the Confederate army, of very limited mental capacity, and had been befriended by Booth when in dire extremity; David E. Herold was a weak-minded boy, living with his mother and sisters in Washington; John H. Surratt and George E. Atzerodt were blockade runners of the Potomac, the latter an ignorant carriage painter whose home was at Port Tobacco in lower Maryland, and Samuel Arnold and Michael O'Laughlin were Confederate soldiers of Maryland.

The rendezvous of the conspirators was

the boarding house of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, the mother of John H., at 541 (now 604) H Street in Washington.

Here, according to Louis J. Weichmann, a government clerk who was a boarder in the house, there were many meetings of a very suspicious character, which he made no attempt to reveal until after the crime was committed, as though then driven to the disclosure to avert the suspicion which his acquaintance and close association with the perpetrators must bring upon him.

To the first plot, which was to abduct the president and carry him within the rebel lines, all whom we have named were undoubtedly parties. The plan was to capture Mr. Lincoln while riding to or from the Soldiers' Home. His carriage was to be surrounded by men dressed in Federal uniform, driven over the Navy Yard bridge to Port Tobacco or Pope's Creek through the region known to those who carried the mail between Richmond and Canada as "the underground route."

Atzerodt was to have a boat in readiness to ferry the party across the Potomac. Once in Virginia, in a country filled with active

Southern sympathizers, it would be a safe and easy journey into the rebel capital. The eighteenth of March was fixed for the attempt. Shortly before that date Surratt, Atzerodt, and Herold carried to a tavern at Surrattsville, in Prince George's County, Maryland, owned by Mrs. Surratt but kept by a man named Lloyd, a coil of rope, two carbines and ammunition, which were given to Lloyd with instructions to secrete them.

For some reason the plot failed and the conspirators separated, Surratt going to Richmond, Arnold to Old Point, and O'Laughlin to Baltimore. Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt, however, who were most completely under the influence of Booth remained in Washington.

There is but little evidence that Booth decided to murder the president until April 14th and none that he confided his intention to his associates before that day.

Frederick Stone, counsel for Herold, is the authority for the statement that "the occasion for Lincoln's assassination was the sentiment expressed by the president in a speech delivered from the steps of the White House on the night of April 11th when he said:

"If universal amnesty is granted to the insurgents I cannot see how I can avoid exacting in return universal suffrage or at least suffrage on the basis of intelligence and military service." Booth was standing before Mr. Lincoln on the outside of the crowd. "That means nigger citizenship," he said to Herold by his side, "Now, by God! I'll put him through."

But this probably expressed a sudden thought rather than a settled purpose.

His diary, which was not produced on the military trial but was put in evidence on the trial of Surratt, commences with these words under date of April 14th: "Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture;" and he made substantially the same statement to Major Ruggles at Garrett's farm.

Payne and Atzerodt in the confessions made through their counsel state that it was not until eight o'clock in the evening of the 14th that Booth proposed the assassination.

As it occurred, it must have been the plan of that very day, since it was not until eleven o'clock on that morning that the president's

party decided upon going to Ford's Theater.

At about that hour a messenger from the White House engaged a box for the president and Mrs. Lincoln, General and Mrs. Grant. Boxes 7 and 8 on the second tier, to the right as you faced the stage, were assigned to them, being thrown into one by the removal of the partition between them. By one of those singular coincidences that constantly recur in this tragic story, box seven was the one usually occupied by Booth when a spectator at this theater. He had occupied it only two weeks before. Flags were draped in front of the box with a portrait of Washington in the centre, and a large rocking chair was placed at the left, farthest from the stage, which had been used by Mr. Lincoln on his first visit to this theater.

It was noon when Booth learned of the expected visit and his preparations were promptly made. He was perfectly familiar with the theater and a favorite with all its employes. He stabled his horse in an alley in the rear, in charge of Edward Spangler, the scene shifter. He could enter when he pleased without attracting any attention or without fear, if his movements were ob-

served, that they would be betrayed. Personally or through some trusted agent he bored a hole through the panel of the door nearest the audience at about the height of the top of the rocking chair, probably for the purpose of observation; and breaking away the plaster back of the passage way behind the boxes, prepared a wooden bar which when wedged between the hole thus made and the door opening into the dress circle would effectually prevent the entrance of any one to arrest his work or effect his capture.

He and Herold hired horses at different livery stables, and were seen riding around the city, Booth boasting of the speed of his horse to friends whom he met.

It is said that he prepared a statement of his reasons for the assassination and gave it to an actor friend named Matthews for insertion in the *National Intelligencer*, but that Matthews terrified at being made his confidante burnt the paper without showing it to any one.

In the course of the afternoon Booth called on Mrs. Surratt and almost immediately afterwards she hired a horse and buggy

and taking a field glass of his with her and accompanied by Weichmann drove to Surrattsville, distant about fourteen miles.

Weichmann testified that when they were about three miles from Washington, observing there were pickets along the road, Mrs. Surratt hailed an old farmer and wanted to know if they would remain there all night. Being told that they were withdrawn about eight o'clock at night she said she "was glad to know it."

He also testified that when they reached the top of Good Hope Hill, on their return, they saw the lights of a procession and upon his telling Mrs. Surratt, in answer to an inquiry, that it was in celebration of Lee's surrender she said, "I am afraid all this rejoicing will be turned into mourning, and all this glory into sadness."

Lloyd, the keeper of the tavern at Surrattsville, testified that while there she gave him the field glass and told him to "be sure and have those shooting irons ready for some gentlemen who would call for them that night," and to have the field glass and two bottles of whiskey ready for them and that

he thereupon took all the articles from their place of concealment and put them on his bed.

Without exciting the slightest suspicion Booth had now matured his plans, and at eight o'clock in the evening at the Herndon House he announced them to Payne and Atzerodt, assigning Secretary Seward to the former and Vice-President Johnson to the latter, while he reserved to himself the murder of President Lincoln and General Grant.

Atzerodt evidently had not the courage for his task; he says, "I told him I would not do it; that I had gone into the thing to capture, but I was not going to kill. He told me that I was a fool; that I would be hung anyhow, and that it was death for every man that backed out; and so we parted."

Booth's prophecy was to be verified and Atzerodt like the others was to meet ignominious death.



## II

RICHMOND had fallen on the second of April, and the president had walked in safety through its streets; Lee had surrendered on the 9th, and on the 14th General Anderson raised over the ruins of Fort Sumter the very flag he had lowered in April, 1861.

Victory had come, peace was at hand, and it was Abraham Lincoln's last day on earth.

Every incident of that day will always be of the most absorbing interest.

It was the usual day for the cabinet meeting, and at this last and most notable one General Grant was present, having just returned from the front.

"When I went to the cabinet meeting on Friday, the 14th of April," says Secretary Welles, "General Grant, who had just arrived from Appomattox, was with the president, and one or two members were already there. Congratulations were interchanged, and earnest inquiry was made whether any information had been received from General

Sherman. The secretary of war came late to the meeting, and the telegraph office from which was obtained earliest news was in the war department. General Grant, who was invited to remain, said he was expecting hourly to hear from Sherman, and had a great deal of anxiety on the subject.

“The president remarked that the news would come soon and come favorably, he had no doubt, for he had last night his usual dream which had preceded nearly every important event of the war. I inquired the particulars of this remarkable dream. He said it was in my department — it related to the water; that he seemed to be in a singular and indescribable vessel, but always the same, and that he was moving with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore, that he had had this singular dream preceding the firing on Sumter, the battles of Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, Vicksburg, Wilmington, etc.

“General Grant remarked with some emphasis and asperity that Stone River was no victory — that a few such victories would have ruined the country, and that he knew of no important results from it.

"The president said that perhaps he should not altogether agree with him but whatever might be the facts, his singular dream preceded that fight. Victory did not always follow his dream, but the event and results were important. He had no doubt that a battle had taken place or was about being fought, 'and Johnson will be beaten, for I had this strange dream again last night. It must relate to Sherman, my thoughts are in that direction, and I know of no other very important event which is likely just now to occur.'"

"The subject of reconstruction was discussed. The president had only kindly words for the South and strongly deprecated any vindictive punishment of its leaders. 'No one need expect,' he said, 'that he would take any part in hanging or killing these men, even the worst of them. Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off,' and he threw up his arms as if scaring sheep. 'Enough lives have been sacrificed; we must extinguish our resentments if we expect harmony and union. We must now begin to act in the interest of peace.'

“ ‘With charity to all,’ were spoken, his last words to the associates, whom he had counselled so long and so wisely and who were next to meet at his deathbed.”

Dana in his *Reminiscences* relates an incident further illustrative of the kindly spirit of the president on this day.

A despatch was received in the afternoon from the Provost Marshal in Portland, Maine. It said, “I have positive information that Jacob Thompson will pass through Portland to-night, in order to take a steamer to England — what are your orders?”

Dana laid the telegram before Stanton who promptly answered: “Arrest him!” but as Dana was going out the door he called to him: “No, wait; better go and see the president.”

All business was over at the White House for the day, when Dana reached it; there was no one in the president’s business room. As he turned to go out the president called to him from a little side room where he was washing his hands: “Hello, Dana! What is it? What’s up?”

Dana handed him the telegram.

"What does Stanton say?" Mr. Lincoln asked.

"He says arrest him, but that I should refer the question to you."

"Well," said he, slowly wiping his hands, "No — I rather think not. When you have got an elephant by the hind leg and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run."

"Well, what says he?" asked Stanton when Dana returned to the war department.

"He says that when you have got an elephant by the hind leg and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run."

"Oh stuff!" said Stanton.

When early on the morning of the 15th a messenger from Mr. Stanton roused Dana, with the news of Mr. Lincoln's death, he also brought the message, "Arrest Jacob Thompson," but the elephant had escaped.

It was a happy day, this last day with his family, clouded with "no sadness of farewell;" there was a long talk with his son Robert, who had just returned from the field with General Grant; there was a long ride with his wife, with cheerful talk of quiet

days, now that the storm had passed; of rest now that the great burden was lifted from his shoulders; of the resumption of practice in his quiet home. "His mood was singularly happy and tender."

General and Mrs. Grant were unable to go to the theater, the general having been called away, and Miss Harris and Major Rathbone, the daughter and step-son of Senator Harris, were invited in their stead. The president's carriage called for them, but the president had been detained by callers and the play had already begun when they arrived at the theater. It was "Our American Cousin," the company, "Laura Keane's."

The theater was crowded. As the party entered the actors stopped, the orchestra played "Hail to the Chief," and the audience rose and cheered vociferously.

"On this occasion," said Walt Whitman, "the theater was crowded, many ladies in rich and gay costumes, officers in their uniforms, many well known citizens, young folks, the usual clusters of gas lights, the usual magnetism of so many people, cheerful with perfumes, music of violins and flutes, and over all, and saturating all, that vast

vague wonder, victory, the nation's victory, the triumph of the Union, filling the air, the thought, the sense with exhilaration more than all music and perfumes."

The president took the chair placed for him with Mrs. Lincoln on his right, next to whom sat Miss Harris and a little behind Major Rathbone, and the play went on.

No other box was occupied that evening, and the front row of seats next to the president's box and opposite to it were vacant until the end of the first act.

During this act Booth walked down the left hand aisle to the proscenium box and leaning his arm on the projection of the stage coolly and deliberately glanced over the theater for a few moments and went out.

When the curtain fell a crowd of men, whom it was afterwards surmised were confederates of Booth, came in and filled the vacant seats in the dress circle.

During the intermission the president chatted cheerfully, the bright look upon the face that had become so sad and careworn, exciting the comment of many who knew him.

A few moments before the curtain rose for the second act he rose, laughingly went to the

rear of the box, put on his overcoat, and resumed his seat.

A little later and his last words were spoken — they were to his wife: "There is no city I desire so much to see as Jerusalem."

"The dark and indefinite shore" of his dream was very near.



### III

IT WAS a little before ten o'clock when Booth led his horse to the back door of the theater and gave it to "Peanuts," a boy who worked about the theater, to hold; then he went to a saloon on Tenth Street, next door to the theater, and took a drink.

A man now passed along the aisle to the president's box and appeared to hand a card to the messenger who sat on the steps. He immediately entered the box and when he reappeared the man returned to the front of the theater.

In a few moments Booth passed rapidly through the crowd in the rear of the dress circle, noticed only by those whom he incommoded, and without interference entered the passage way to the president's box.

Without attracting the attention of any of its occupants, between whom and himself there was now only the door through which he had bored the hole, he fastened the outer

door by wedging the wooden bar between it and the wall behind.

It was the second scene of the third act — the dairy scene — and Harry Hawk as *Asa Trenchard* alone occupied the stage — the situation being doubtless selected by Booth as most favorable to his escape. “Not one, not even the comedian on the stage, could ever remember the last words of the piece that were uttered that night — the last Abraham Lincoln ever heard on earth. The whole performance remains in the memory of those who heard it a vague phantasmagoria, the actor the thinnest of spectres. The awful tragedy in the box makes everything else seem pale and unreal. Here were five human beings in a narrow space — the greatest man of his time, in the glory of the most stupendous success in our history, the idolized chief of a nation already mighty, with illimitable vistas of grandeur to come, his beloved wife, proud and happy; a pair of betrothed lovers, with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and this young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmos, the pet of his little world.

"The glitter of fame, happiness, and ease was upon the entire group, but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company — the central figure we believe of the great and good men of the century.

"Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly — fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn; the stricken wife to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of these two young lovers, one was to slay the other and then end his life a raving maniac."

With a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other Booth entered the box, put the pistol to the back of the president's head, and fired, crying as he did so, "Revenge," or "Revenge for the South."

Major Rathbone sprang forward to seize him, but dropping his pistol on the floor

Booth turned upon him and inflicted a deep wound with his knife, in the left arm between the elbow and shoulder.

He had reached the front of the box when Major Rathbone caught him by his clothes, crying, "Stop that man," but placing his left hand on the railing Booth vaulted lightly to the stage. A trained athlete and accustomed to making sensational leaps in his plays, this one of fourteen feet would probably have been accomplished in safety, but his spur caught in the folds of the flag in front of the box and he fell heavily to the stage with his back to the audience, splintering horizontally the fibula of his right leg.

From that moment his doom was sealed, for though there was to be an interval of hope, it was to be accompanied by torture greater than the utmost cruelty could have devised for him, and escape was as impossible as though he were already in the hands of the government he had outraged.

He rose quickly to his feet, turned to his last audience, brandishing his knife and shouting, *Sic semper tyrannis*, he moved rapidly diagonally across the stage.

William Withers, the leader of the orches-

tra, had had some business on the stage and was returning to the orchestra when Booth came towards him and stabbed at him, cutting great gashes in his coat. This was the only interruption to his escape from the theater.

In all that assembly, at first stunned and then wild with excitement, there was but one man with presence of mind enough to spring upon the stage and attempt to capture the assassin. This was Joseph B. Stewart, a lawyer of Washington.

Reaching the alley and knocking down the boy who was holding his horse, Booth mounted, while Stewart who had followed close behind twice attempted to seize the bridle. The quick wheeling of the horse thwarted his attempt and at a rapid pace Booth galloped through the alley to F Street, passed for two miles through the heart of the city, and giving his real name to the picket at the Navy Yard bridge, with the statement that he lived near "Beantown in Charles County and had been detained in the city" was allowed to cross.

Walt Whitman graphically described the scene in the theater:

“A moment’s hush — a scream — the cry of murder — Mrs. Lincoln leaning out of the box, with ashy cheeks and lips, with involuntary cry, pointing to the retreating figure, ‘*He has killed the president.*’ And still a moment’s strange incredulous suspense — and then the deluge! then that mixture of horror, noises, uncertainty (the sound somewhere back, of a horse’s hoofs clattering with speed), the people burst through chairs and railings and break them up — there is inextricable confusion and terror — women faint — quiet feeble persons fall and are trampled on — many cries of agony are heard — the broad stage suddenly fills to suffocation with a dense and motley crowd, like some horrible carnival — the audience rush generally upon it, at least the strong men do — the actors and actresses are all there in their play costumes and painted faces, with mortal fright showing through the rouge — the screams and calls, confused talk redoubled, trebled — two or three manage to pass up water from the stage to the president’s box — others try to clamber up.

“In the midst of all this, the soldiers of the President’s Guard, with others, suddenly

drawn to the scene, burst in (some two hundred altogether), they storm the house, through all the tiers, especially the upper ones, inflamed with fury, literally charging the audience with fixed bayonets, muskets and pistols, shouting 'Clear out! Clear out!'

"Such the wild scene or a suggestion of it rather, inside the play house that night.

"And in the midst of that pandemonium, infuriated soldiers, the audience and the crowd, the stage and all its actors and actresses, its paint pots, spangles and gas lights — the life blood from those veins, the best and sweetest of the land, drops slowly down and death's ooze already begins its little bubbles on the lips."

The president's head had dropped forward and his eyes were closed. Without thought of his own condition, Major Rathbone rushed to the door to call for aid. He found it barred from within while people on the outside were clamoring for admission. One of the first to enter, when with some difficulty the door had been opened, was Dr. Charles A. Leale, assistant surgeon of United States Volunteers who at that time was in charge of the United States General

Hospital in Washington. Dr. Leale found Mr. Lincoln pulseless at the wrist and apparently dead. Stretching him out upon the floor, the heart failure was relieved and pulsation resumed. He then made a careful examination, discovering that the wound was positively fatal and that recovery even to consciousness was impossible. A large der-ringer bullet had entered the back of the head on the left side, passed through the brain and lodged just behind the left eye.

Dr. Leale immediately resorted to forced respiration and it was through his prompt efforts that Mr. Lincoln's life was prolonged until morning.

Under the doctor's directions the president was removed to the nearest available house, that of a Mr. Peterson, 516 Tenth Street — diagonally opposite the theater. He was carried into a small room at the rear of the hall on the first floor, then occupied by a Mr. William S. Clark and before him by the actor, Matthews, the friend to whom Booth had confided the manuscript intended to justify his act. Mrs. Lincoln, half distracted, followed, attended by Miss Harris,



while Major Rathbone having fainted from loss of blood was taken to his home.

With this great tragedy Ford's Theater closed never to be re-opened.

It was taken by the government, and after alteration used as a medical museum until on June 8th, 1893, it fell — by a singular coincidence, on the day of the death of Edwin Booth.

## IV

AT ABOUT the same time that Booth entered Ford's Theater, Payne and Herold rode to Secretary Seward's residence on Madison Place.

Leaving Herold to hold his horse, Payne rang the bell. He held a small package in his hand and told the colored boy who opened the door that Dr. Verdi, Mr. Seward's attending physician, had sent him to give some medicine to the secretary, in person. Mr. Seward was lying in a front room on the third floor with a broken arm and fractured jaw, the result of the runaway accident already mentioned.

Despite the boy's objections, Payne pushed past him and walked noisily up the two flights of stairs. His heavy tread had attracted the attention of Frederick Seward, the assistant secretary of state, and he met the intruder near the door of the sick room.

Payne repeated his statement that he was instructed by the doctor to deliver some med-

icine for the secretary and to give it to him personally. Frederick Seward replied that they were endeavoring to compose his father to sleep and that he would take the medicine to him. On Payne's continuing to insist that the doctor's orders were that he should see the secretary, Mr. Seward finally said: "It is not worth while to talk any longer about it; you cannot see Mr. Seward. I will take the responsibility of refusing to let you see him. Go back and tell the doctor if you think you cannot intrust me with the medicine. I am Mr. Seward and in charge here. He will not blame you if you tell him I refused to let you see him."

After a moment's hesitation Payne said, "Very well, sir. I will go," and turned as if to go down stairs but at the top step he suddenly turned and struck Frederick Seward on the head with his heavy pistol with such force as to break the cartridge extractor. Mr. Seward struggled with his assailant until he fell to the floor in a swoon from which he did not recover for many days.

There were in the secretary's room Miss Fannie Seward, his daughter, and Sergeant George T. Robinson, his nurse. Hearing the

disturbance in the hall, Robinson opened the door. Instantly Payne felled him with a blow on his forehead from his knife, and pushing Miss Seward aside as she approached him, threw himself on the secretary's bed and stabbed him three times, once on the right cheek and twice in the neck.

Robinson recovering himself jumped upon the bed and threw his arms around Payne, succeeding after a severe struggle in dragging him off, while the secretary rolled out upon the floor and beneath the bed.

Robinson's struggle with the assassin was now continued on the floor, and he received three severe wounds before he was able, with the assistance of Major Augustus Seward, a younger son, who had entered the room, to force Payne into the hall. Here he again knocked Robinson down and extricating himself from Major Seward rushed down stairs, overtaking and stabbing Mr. Hansell, a messenger of the state department, who was seeking help.

At the cry of "murder" from an upper window, Herold left Payne's horse and mounting his own fled down Pennsylvania Avenue to Fourteenth Street, recognized and

pursued by the man from whom he had hired his horse. Following Booth to the navy yard bridge he gave the name of Smith, said that he was going home to White Plains, and after some parley was allowed to cross while the owner of the horse who arrived soon after was refused.

Payne had been instructed by Booth to meet him beyond the Anacosta bridge, but Payne was not familiar with the city and had depended upon Herold as a guide, so he now rode out Vermont Avenue to the eastern suburb, leaving behind him his blood-stained knife, the broken revolver, and his hat.

Losing his way and fearing that his appearance would excite suspicion, he abandoned his horse, which was found loose next morning at Lincoln Branch Barracks, about three-quarters of a mile east of the capitol, and took refuge in the woods. For three days and nights he remained in hiding and then returned to the house on H Street which had been the headquarters of the conspiracy.

## V

MR. LINCOLN was carried into the little hall bedroom of the Peterson house and laid diagonally across the cottage bedstead, as he was too tall to be placed in any other position. Here soon were gathered all those to whom the sad summons had been sent (including all the members of the cabinet save Secretary Seward), Dr. Robert King Stone, the president's family physician, and Surgeon General Barnes.

From a crowd bursting into the White House, Robert Lincoln and Major Hay had heard the dreadful news, and their worst fears were confirmed by Dr. Stone who met them on their arrival at the little house on Tenth Street.

Mrs. Lincoln was in the front parlor with her bonnet and gloves on just as she had left the theater. "Why didn't they shoot me?" was her repeated exclamation.

In the room in which Mr. Lincoln lay, Dr. Stone was sitting upon the bed, Secretary

Welles occupied a rocking chair which he did not leave during the night, and Surgeon General Barnes, seated by the bedside, held the president's left hand. All other persons were standing, Senator Sumner and Robert Lincoln the greater part of the night leaning over the head board.

Others who were in the room during the whole or part of the night were Vice-President Johnson, Chief Justice Chase, Gen. Farwell of Wisconsin, Gov. Oglesby of Illinois, Speaker Colfax, Generals Halleck, Angur, and Todd, Assistant Secretary Otto, Judge Carter, Congressman Fainsworth of Illinois, Assistant Surgeons Leale and Crane, Major John Hay, Colonel Tod, Rev. Dr. Gurley, Maunsell B. Field, Thomas Proctor, Rufus F. Andrews, and Charlie, Mr. Lincoln's body servant.

From time to time Mrs. Lincoln was brought into the room but never remained long.

The president's eyes were closed, and, save his loud stertorous breathing which could be heard all over the house, and the sobbing of his wife and devoted servant, no sound was to be heard in that room for hours. His

pulse was at times strong and rapid and then feeble and slow.

The effect of the sudden and fearful calamity that had befallen the nation had been paralyzing. The extent and scope of the conspiracy was unknown, and doubt and apprehension filled all hearts. There was one man, however, cool, clear-headed, and full of activity — Secretary Stanton.

He sat at a little table in the back parlor swiftly dictating despatches; grasping the present situation, anticipating the possibilities of the future, and taking precautions for every emergency.

"One of his first telegrams was to General Dix, the military commander of New York," says Dana, and no clearer brief account of the tragedy exists to-day than this, though written scarcely three hours after the scene in Ford's Theater while the president lay dying in the next room and the city was wild with excitement.

Washington, April 15th, 1.30 A.M.  
Maj. Gen. Dix, New York:

Last evening, at 10:30 P.M., at Ford's Theater the president, while sitting in his private box with Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris and Major Rathbone,



was shot by an assassin who suddenly entered the box. He approached behind the president. The assassin then leaped upon the stage, brandishing a long dagger or knife, and made his escape by the rear of the theater. The pistol ball had entered the back of the president's head. The wound is mortal. The president has been insensible ever since it was inflicted and is now dying.

About the same hour an assassin, either the same or another, entered Mr. Seward's house, and under pretense of having a prescription was shown to the secretary's chamber. The secretary was in bed. The assassin immediately rushed to the bed, inflicted two or three stabs on the throat, and two in the face.

It is hoped the wounds may not be mortal. My apprehension is that they will prove fatal. The nurse alarmed Mr. Frederick Seward, who was in the adjoining room, and hastened to the door of his father's room, where he met the assassin, who inflicted upon him one or more dangerous wounds.

The recovery of Frederick Seward is doubtful.

It is not probable that the president will live through the night.

Gen. Grant and wife were advertised to be at the theater, but the latter

started to Burlington at six o'clock last evening.

At a cabinet meeting at which Gen. Grant was present to-day, the subject of the state of the country and the prospects of speedy peace were discussed.

The president was very cheerful and hopeful, spoke very kindly of Gen. Lee and others of the Confederacy, and the establishment of government in Virginia.

All the members of the cabinet except Mr. Seward are now in attendance upon the president. I have seen Mr. Seward, but he and Frederick were both unconscious.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec'y of War.

In the same room with Mr. Stanton, Chief Justice Carter was already collecting evidence as to the conspiracy.

The long night passed and morning came — dull and rainy.

The loud breathing ceased, a look of unspeakable peace came upon the worn and rugged face.

At seven o'clock the breath came faint and low, at twenty-two minutes past it ceased.

"Now he belongs to the ages," said Stan-

ton, and Dr. Gurley kneeling at the bedside offered a fervent prayer.

For the last time Mrs. Lincoln came in and threw herself upon the body of her husband.

When she retired all left the room and a sentry was stationed before the closed door.

In the front parlor Dr. Gurley again offered prayer and Mrs. Lincoln was led to the president's carriage which had been standing at the door all through the night. As she reached the steps she glanced at the theater and three times repeated, "Oh, that dreadful house."

An hour later Mr. Lincoln's body was placed in a plain wooden box around which was wrapped the American flag, and borne on the shoulders of six private soldiers to an ordinary hearse. With these men marching as mourners the simple cortege passed almost unnoticed to the White House.

It was fitting that the first tribute to this plain man of the people should be so simple and that his first mourners should come from the ranks.

## VI

THREE army officers (Generals Oliphant and Baker and Colonel Woodward) stood at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street on the night of the assassination watching a torch-light procession in celebration of the national victories, when a man came running up the avenue and made the startling announcement that the president had just been shot in Ford's Theater.

It seemed too terrible to be credible, but there was no room for doubt — the man had seen the president carried from the theater, he had heard the statement of the doctors that he could not live.

The first inclination, naturally, was to go to the scene of the tragedy, but this was checked by the thought that perhaps this was the first act of a gigantic conspiracy and that as military men their first duty was to see that the garrison of the city was aroused — if it had not been.

They made all speed to General Angur's headquarters, carrying the first intelligence to the single orderly whom they found in charge.

The next alarm was given at the quarters of the Fire Brigade organized for the protection of government property, lest incendiarism might be a part of the plot, and then they went on to the headquarters of General Gile who was in command of the troops constituting the immediate garrison of the city.

Here again they found only a single orderly. While one of the officers went to the general's lodgings the others went to the Martindale Barracks where two regiments of veteran reserves were quartered.

The long roll was sounded, and in ten minutes a thousand men were in line. Squads were immediately despatched to protect the residences of cabinet officers and other prominent officials.

At General Angur's headquarters officers were now continually arriving, each with a new and more startling report, until among the victims of the plot beside the president and secretary of state, were the vice-presi-

dent, General Grant, and Secretary Stanton.

A correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* wrote at 11:15 P.M.:

A shock from heaven laying half the city in ruins would not have startled us as did the word that started out from Ford's Theater half an hour ago, that the president had been shot. It flew everywhere in five minutes, and set five thousand feet in swift and excited motion on the instant.

"No one not present," says one who was, "could possibly form any true conception of the horror mingled with apprehension of threatened danger which pervaded the city. In the midst of the wild rumors that followed each other in quick succession, every one was holding his breath, not knowing what to expect."

General Angur encircled the city with his pickets stationed about fifty feet apart, cavalry was placed on all the roads leading from Washington, and military detectives scoured the country with orders to arrest any suspicious persons.

The guard under command of Major Culom at the Navy Yard was strengthened and two monitors, the "Sangus" and "Montauk,"

with strong detachments of marines on board, were moored at the Navy Yard wharf to provide for any emergency.

The whole machinery of the war department was devoted to the discovery and capture of the murderer of the president, as yet unknown, and his accomplices.

The first important arrests were made on Monday, April 17th. A party of detectives under the charge of Major H. W. Smith had taken possession of Mrs. Surratt's house and arrested its inmates.

At half-past eleven at night as the prisoners were about to be removed there was a knock and ring at the door. It was opened by one of the officers, and Payne entered. He was covered with mud, carried a pick-axe over his shoulder, and wore on his head as a cap the sleeve of a woolen shirt.

He hesitated at sight of the officers and said, "I guess I am mistaken." "Whom do you want to see?" "Mrs. Surratt," he answered. "You are right; walk in."

He was asked what he came there at that time of night for and answered that he came to dig a gutter; Mrs. Surratt had sent for him. In answer to further questions he said

that he had no money, was a poor man who earned his living with his pick, that he had had no previous acquaintance with Mrs. Surratt, but that she had engaged him because he was working in the neighborhood.

Major Smith went to the parlor door and asked Mrs. Surratt to step into the hall. As she did so he said to her, "Do you know this man, and did you hire him to come and dig a gutter for you?"

Raising her right hand she answered, "Before God, sir, I do not know this man, and have never seen him, and I did not hire him to dig a gutter for me."

Payne said nothing.

He had spent the night at Mrs. Surratt's on one or two occasions, and she knew him well. On her trial there was no attempt to deny such knowledge but only to prove that her eyesight was defective and that the light in the hall was not strong enough to enable her to recognize him.

He was taken to General Angur's headquarters, where his answers to the questions put to him excited the suspicion that he was the man who had attempted the life of Secretary Seward. To verify this suspicion he



was placed in a room with two other men, with the light turned down so as to imitate as nearly as possible the light in the Seward house at the time of the assault, and the colored boy who admitted him was sent for. As he entered the room he threw up his hands with an exclamation of horror, and pointing to Payne said, "That is the man."

Payne was heavily ironed and put on board one of the monitors at the Navy Yard in a closely guarded cell. In his despair he attempted suicide by beating his head against the iron walls of his cell. To prevent further attempts a padded hood was made which completely covered his head, leaving nothing but his mouth and nostrils exposed.

The next prisoner received on the Monitor was Atzerodt, then Spangler, Arnold, and O'Laughlin. The leader and principal actor in the great conspiracy was still at large and the government held no clues as to where he had found refuge.

## VII

AT ABOUT eleven o'clock Booth crossed the Navy Yard bridge and Herold followed soon after. Each asked of teamsters whom they met on Good Hope Hill if a horseman had passed ahead. Together they reached Surratt's tavern. Herold alone dismounted, asking Lloyd: "for God's sake to get those things," and without a question Lloyd immediately gave him the carbines, field glass, and whiskey. They remained only a few minutes, long enough for Herold to take the whiskey to Booth as he sat on his horse. Herold took one of the carbines, but Booth said he could not take his because his leg was broken. The tragedian in his nature would not permit him to keep silence as to the events of the night. "I will tell you some news," he said to Lloyd, "if you want to hear it. I am pretty certain that we have assassinated the president and Secretary Seward;" then they rode rapidly on toward T. B.

Just before day break on the morning of Saturday, April 15th, they met a negro and asked to be directed to the nearest doctor. He gave them the name of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, whose house they had passed about a mile and a half back. They went back to the doctor's, arriving about half-past four in the morning, after a ride of thirty miles. To account for their appearance at such an hour Herold told the doctor that "while riding rapidly his companion's horse had fallen on him and broken his leg," and that he was in need of treatment.

Booth was evidently in great suffering as the doctor and Herold lifted him from his horse and helped him into the house. After his leg had been rudely set with splints broken from a cigar box, Booth and Herold were shown into a bed room on the second floor and retired.

Booth was disguised by a long black beard and gave the name of Boyd, but Dr. Mudd had met him several times, and on the way to Dry Tortugas confessed to the officer in charge of him that he recognized Booth on his arrival but was afterwards afraid to tell

of his having been at his house lest his own life and the lives of his family would be endangered by the admission.

Booth did not get out of bed until the time came for leaving the house between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and the doctor saw his patient but once before his departure, but Herold came down to breakfast and repeated his story of the accident. He said they were anxious to cross the Potomac that day and asked the direction to the house of Parson Wilmer, one of the very few Union men of the vicinity. It was only a half-mile away by a short cut through Zekiah Swamp, a marsh fifteen miles long which began a short distance from the doctor's house, and the doctor pointed out this route.

During the morning Booth borrowed a razor and shaved off his mustache, and a rough pair of crutches was made for him. He ate neither the breakfast nor the dinner that were sent him nor the delicacies that the doctor's wife prepared and brought to him. He refused whiskey and asked for brandy, but there was none in the house.

At dinner Herold manifested so much anxiety to secure some conveyance to take

them to the river that the doctor suggested going to his father's at Bryantown with him to try and get a buggy. But the next day was Easter and the buggy could not be spared, so Herold turned back alone saying that he would get his friend away on horseback. Despite Mrs. Mudd's objections they started on horseback about four o'clock, in the direction of the swamp, "Herold saying that he would take his friend to his lady love's which was a short distance off."

They were not seen again by any of the Mudd family.

At Bryantown, Dr. Mudd heard of the assassination and found a body of soldiers in pursuit of the assassin, who was not then known to be Booth. Neither was it then known that the assassin had broken his leg, and John H. Surratt was supposed to be his companion, so the doctor did not connect with the murder the two visitors who had left his house two hours before he returned. At church the next day, however, he told his cousin, George Mudd, a Union man, of his two visitors and mentioned as a suspicious circumstance that one of them had shaved off his mustache.

The detectives visited the doctor's house several times. He told them of the visit of the two men, their inquiries about Parson Wilmer, the incident about the mustache, and the direction they had taken in leaving, correctly describing Booth's horse.

On the last visit the doctor volunteered the information that a long riding boot had been left in the bed room occupied by his guests, and produced it. Turning down the edge of the boot the initials "J. W. B." were found, and Booth being, by that time, known to be the assassin, Dr. Mudd was arrested.

Booth and Herold wandered through the swamp all night, travelling about twelve miles in as many hours. They were again indebted to a negro for guidance. In the early morning of Easter Sunday, April 16th, when a few miles east of Bryantown, they met Otis Swann who conducted them to the nearest house, which proved to be that of Capt. Samuel Cox, known as "Rich Hill." Captain Cox was an active Southern sympathizer of considerable wealth who lived in the southwestern part of Charles County, about four miles from the Potomac.

It was about four o'clock in the morning

when they stopped at the captain's gate. Booth sat on his horse while Herold went to arouse Cox. As he refused to give their names, Cox refused to receive them. Then Booth dismounted and hobbling to the piazza held a brief conference, at the end of which the captain said in a loud voice, "I cannot receive you gentlemen, whom I know nothing about." This was intended for the ears of the negro Swann, who was now dismissed.

When he had gone, Booth told who he was, exhibiting his initials in India ink on his arm.

He appealed to the captain tragically, in the name of his mother, not to betray him, telling him that he was sick, with a broken limb, that what he had done he had thought was for the best interests of the South, and that all that he asked was assistance in crossing the river.

Cox promised his aid and sent his overseer, Franklin Roby, to guide the men to a safe hiding place. This was an old tobacco bed in a dense thicket of pines about two miles south of the house and a mile south of the present railway station of Cox's (Bel Alton) on the Baltimore and Potomac rail-

road. The house of a man named Collis now stands on the exact spot.

Provided with blankets and food for a day, they were urged to keep perfectly quiet and signals were arranged by which they should know any one sent to their aid.

Although that section of the country was then overrun by ten thousand cavalry and one-fourth as many detectives, the government never knew what became of Booth and Herold from early Sunday morning to the next Sunday, a period of eight days, until the publication of George Alfred Townsend's article in the *Century* of April, 1884, "How Wilkes Booth Crossed the Potomac."

The information given by Townsend was supplemented by a little book by Thomas A. Jones, who described himself on the title-page as "The only living man who can tell the story." It was published in 1893 and a copy purchased by the writer in the house in which Abraham Lincoln died.

Jones, who is now dead, was a foster brother of Captain Cox and had been his overseer. He lived in a little place called "Huckleberry" and had been actively engaged through the war in aiding the Con-



federacy by carrying its mails and conveying spies and blockade runners across the Potomac.

On the morning of Easter Sunday, Captain Cox's son came to Jones's house to say that his father wanted to see him. On his arrival at Rich Hill, the captain walked with him to an open space some distance from the house so that there might be no danger that their conversation would be overheard, and said, "Tom, I had visitors about four o'clock this morning."

"Who were they and what did they want?"

"They want to get across the river;" then in a whisper:

"Have you heard that Lincoln was killed on Friday night?" Jones had heard it from two soldiers the night before.

"Tom, we must get those men across the river."

Then he told Jones what had passed in his interview with Booth, saying when he had finished, "Tom, you must get him across."

Jones was troubled; he realized the dangers and difficulties attending the part he was asked to play, but finally replied: "Sam, I

will see what I can do, but the odds are against me. I must see those men; where are they?" Cox told him and gave him the signal agreed upon.

Herold came out and led him to where Booth was lying on the ground, partly covered with a blanket, his head supported by his hand, his pistols and knife close beside him, and evidently suffering much pain.

Jones promised to do what he could to get them over the river but warned them that it would be unsafe to make any move so long as the neighborhood was so full of soldiers.

Booth held out his hand and thanked him. He told him that he had killed the president and knew that the United States would use every means in its power to capture him, but, he added, "John Wilkes Booth will never be taken alive."

He manifested the greatest desire to see the newspapers and know what was thought of his deed. He was much distressed to find that it was received with so little approbation at the South.

Fearing that the horses might betray the hiding place, they were led about a mile into the swamp by Herold and Roby and shot.

In a week the bodies had disappeared and nothing of them was ever seen.

Before this happened, however, a large troop of colored cavalry came to ask the route the men had taken after leaving Cox's house. The captain gave the general direction of the swamp and stood with his son watching the troopers as they entered it. The buzzards could be plainly seen hovering over the spot where the bodies of the horses lay.

"My son," said Cox, "if those men enter below the spot where the bodies of the horses are, I shall hang for it." But they entered above and beating the swamp from Captain Cox's to Dr. Mudd's found neither men nor horses, and while Captain Cox was arrested shortly after on suspicion, his real connection with Booth's escape was not known until years after.

Jones owned the only two boats on the Maryland shore, and upon his retention of one of these depended Booth's only chance of crossing the Potomac. The larger boat lay up Pope's Creek, hidden in the grass of Dent's meadow, a retired spot back of Huckleberry farm, a mile from the road and

out of sight of any house. This was the point from which he intended sending Booth across the river, and to retain control of the boat his colored man, Henry Woodland, was instructed to fish every day, returning the boat to its place of concealment at night.

Every day Jones carried food to the fugitives in a basket, ostentatiously calling to the hogs as if about to feed them.

When he visited Booth on Monday, April 17th, he found him in great suffering and impatient to seek shelter and the medical aid of which he stood so much in need, but even as he spoke a body of cavalry passed within two hundred yards of them and the impossibility of any movement was apparent. "You see, my friend," said Jones, "we must wait." "Yes," Booth answered, "I leave it all with you."

After his usual visit on Tuesday, the 18th, Jones went to Port Tobacco to ascertain the number and disposition of troops in the vicinity. In the bar room of the old Brawner hotel (now St. Charles) he met Captain Williams, a Washington detective whom he knew. Williams, suspecting, as he after-

wards admitted, that Jones could give valuable information if he would, said to him, "I will give one hundred thousand dollars to any man who will give me the information that will lead to Booth's capture." Jones replied: "That is a large sum of money and ought to get him if money can do it."

"When we consider," says Townsend, "that the end of the war had come and all the Confederate hopes were blasted and every man's slave free, we may reflect upon the fidelity of this poor man whose land was not his own and with inevitable poverty before him perhaps for the rest of his days."

"Murderer though I knew him to be," says Jones, "his condition so enlisted my sympathy in his behalf that my horror of his deed was almost forgotten in my compassion for the man. . . Had I for money betrayed one to whom I had promised succor . . . the pale face of the man whose life I had sold would have haunted me to my grave."

On Wednesday, April 19th, the day of the impressive funeral services in Washington and of memorial services, scarcely less impressive, throughout the country, the assassin

lay writhing in pain, devoured with impatience, while his eager pursuers surrounded him on every hand.

On Thursday, April 20th, while sorrowing multitudes gazed upon the peaceful face of the great victim, under the dome of the Capitol, the chance of escape for the murderer seemed well nigh hopeless. From neglect and exposure his leg had become terribly swollen and inflamed, and his suffering was intense.

Through six long and weary days and five dark and restless nights, the weather cold and damp, Booth lay in hiding, tortured with physical pain and reading only the world's just condemnation of his deed.

On Friday, April 21st, Jones continued his investigations, riding over to Allen's Fresh, a small village about three miles to the east of his house, where Zekiah Swamp ends and the Wicomico River begins. He found some cavalrymen in the village store, but had scarcely entered when their guide, John R. Walton, came in to report that the fugitives had been seen in St. Mary's, and immediately the troops mounted and rode out of the village. As there were now no other

troops in the neighborhood, Jones concluded that the time had come. The night was dark and foggy and the chances favorable to the attempt.

Riding back to the hiding place he said, "The coast seems to be clear and the darkness favors us. Let us make the attempt."

With great difficulty Booth was lifted upon Jones's horse, each movement wringing from him a groan. Herold walked beside him, while Jones about sixty yards in advance made sure that the coast was clear.

Along a cart track to the public road one and a half miles away, then for a mile along the road, then for another mile through Jones's place, cautiously and silently they made their way. The house of Sam Thomas, a negro, was to be passed where there were children, and the house of John Ware, where there were dogs, but protected by the darkness and the fog they passed in safety, and arriving at Huckleberry about nine o'clock stopped under a pear tree fifty yards from the house.

Jones said, "Wait here while I go and get you some supper which you can eat here while I get something for myself."

"Oh," said Booth, "Can't I go in and get some of your hot coffee?"

"It cut me to the heart, says Jones, "when this poor creature, whose head had not been under a roof, who had not tasted warm food, felt the glow of a fire, or seen a cheerful light for nearly a week, there in a dark, wet night, at my threshold, made this piteous request to be allowed to enter a human habitation. I felt a great wave of pity for him and a lump rose in my throat as I answered, 'My friend, it wouldn't do. Indeed it would not be safe. There are servants in the house who would be sure to see you and then we would all be lost. Remember this is your last chance to get away.' "

It was just a week before at this hour that his hand had taken the life of the president. Who could imagine a greater punishment than had been meted out to him.

After supper they crossed an open field to the river. Jones and Herold assisted Booth to the shore and placed him in the stern of the boat with an oar to steer with.

Lighting a candle Jones showed him on his compass what their course should be to bring them into Machodoc Creek, on the Virginia



shore. "Mrs. E. R. Quesenbury lives near the mouth of the creek," he said. "If you tell her you come from me I think she will take care of you." Then with a caution to keep their light hidden, he said, "Good night."

As he was shoving the boat off Booth exclaimed, "Wait a minute old fellow," and offered him some money of which he took eighteen dollars, the cost of his boat.

In a voice choked with emotion Booth said, "God bless you, my dear friend, for all you have done for me. Good bye, old fellow."

The government detectives afterwards learned that Henry Woodland had taken the boat used by Booth to the spot from which they left the Maryland shore, but he swore positively that the boat had been sunk there, pointing out the exact spot, and he was believed. He was living in 1896 and admitted that he perjured himself, but that in doing so he saved the life of his master and his master's best friend, Captain Cox.

## VIII

BOOTH and Herold were not to reach the Virginia shore that night, and the delay of another day meant discovery and capture. The night was dark, there was a heavy flood tide, and Herold had had no experience with the oar. At daylight of Saturday, April 22d, they were still on the Maryland side of the river. Twice during the night, as Booth told Mrs. Quesenbery, they were within an oar's length of Federal gunboats patrolling the river and could distinctly hear the voices of those on board.

It was impossible to make any further attempt to cross until night, so they landed and went into hiding near Nanjemoy stores in Nanjemoy Cove, Herold securing food at the house of Col. John J. Hughes, telling him who they were and what they had done.

It was probably here that Booth made the final entry in the diary that was found upon his body after his death, whose contents are given in full:

"Te Amo"

Apr. 14, Friday, the Ides.

Until to-day nothing was ever *thought* of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture. But our cause being almost lost, something decisive and great must be done. But the failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with a heart. I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step through a thousand of his friends; was stopped but pushed on. A colonel was at his side. I shouted *sic semper* before I fired. In jumping broke my leg. I passed all his pickets, rode sixty miles that night, with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump.

I can never regret it. Though we hated to kill, our country owed all our troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment.

The country is not what it was. This forced union is not what I have loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night [before the deed] I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He or the South.

Friday 21.

After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods and last night being chased by gunboats till I was forced to return wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for — what made Tell a hero. And yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My action was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself. The other had not only his country's but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and that alone. A country that groaned beneath this tyranny, and prayed for this end, and yet now behold the cold hand they extend to me. God *cannot* pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see any wrong, except in serving a degenerate people.

The little, the very little, I left behind to clear my name, the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in the Heaven for me, since man condemns me so. I have only

*heard* of what has been done, (except what I did myself), and it fills me with horror. God, try and forgive me, and bless my mother. To-night I will once more try the river with the intent to cross although I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name — which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to men. I think I have done well though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart *that one* blow would have made me great, though I did desire no greatness. To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. O may He, may He spare me this, and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong, unless God deems it so. And it is with Him to damn or bless me. And for the brave boy with me, who often prays (yes, before and since) with a true and sincere heart — was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not want to shed a drop of blood, but "I must fight the course." 'Tis all that's left me.

After having eluded the vigilant search of scores of soldiers and detectives, Booth and Herold were seen during this Saturday by a negro, and the information given by him resulted in their capture. The second attempt to cross the Potomac was made on Saturday night, but it was not until Sunday morning, April 23d, that they reached the Virginia shore. Instead of making their landing in Machodoc Creek they entered Gumbo Creek, which was about a mile from Mrs. Quesenbury's house.

Hiding Booth on the shore, Herold made his way to the house which he reached about eleven o'clock, telling Mrs. Quesenbury that Jones had directed them to her and that "the man who killed Abe Lincoln was within a mile of the house."

With Thos. Harbin, a brother-in-law of Jones, and Joseph Badden of Prince George's County, Maryland, she returned with Herold and had an interview with Booth. He told her he thought the worst of his trip was over, and that while his journey thus far had been attended with much danger, he anticipated little danger on the remainder of the way, as he expected soon to

be among friends. But his leg caused him intense suffering and he asked to be taken to the house of the nearest physician. This was Dr. Richard Stewart, who lived eight miles away.

Dinner was sent to the fugitives in their hiding place on the creek and afterwards Booth was taken to the house of William Bryan, who had been employed to take them to Dr. Stewart's.

The whole party was intoxicated when at about six o'clock on Sunday evening they reached the doctor's. As an active agent of the Confederacy he had been continually under suspicion and had only just been released from a second imprisonment.

He gave them supper but would do nothing more for them, stating that his house was full and that as the murderer of President Lincoln was still at large he could not afford to shelter any one whom he did not know. When Herold said to him, "Doctor, we have a secret to tell you," the doctor replied, "Young man if you have any secrets, keep them. I do not want to know your secret, and if you are going South you had better go immediately." He sent them to the house of

William Lucas, a free negro living about a quarter of a mile away. On his arrival Booth frightened Lucas so much by the announcement that he had killed "that damned old tyrant, Abe Lincoln," that he begged them to leave his house. They not only refused to do this but made Lucas procure whiskey for them and they spent the night in a drunken debauch.

Dr. Stewart's cavalier treatment greatly offended Booth, and before leaving on the morning of Monday, April 24th, he sent the following to him, written on a page torn from his diary:

My idea [piece torn out] forgive me, but I have some little pride. I cannot blame you for your want of hospitality. You know your own affairs. I was sick, tired, with a broken limb, and in need of medical advice. I would not have turned a dog from my door in such a plight. However you were kind enough to give us something to eat, for which I not only thank you, but on account of the rebuke and manner in which to [piece torn out]. It is not the substance but the way in which kindness is extended that makes one happy in the acceptance thereof. The sauce to meat is



ceremony. Meeting were bare without it. Be kind enough to accept the enclosed \$5. (although hard to spare) for what I have received.

Most respectfully your obedient servant.  
[No signature.]

In Lucas's wagon they now started for the Rappahannock. They took dinner at "Office Hall," the residence of William McDaniel, and reached Port Conway at about three in the afternoon.

Here was the ferry run by William Rollins. The boat was a flat-bottomed scow, poled across the river, which was about three hundred yards wide at this point, by a negro named Peyton Washington. It was aground on the other side of the river when they arrived and Rollins, who was about setting his nets, told them it would be several hours before he could take them over.

While they were waiting three Confederate officers came to the ferry: Major Ruggles, Lieut. A. R. Bainbridge, and Capt. William S. Jett, all of Mosby's command which had just surrendered. They had heard of the assassination and that the assassin had been arrested in Washington. Herold got out of the wagon and asked to what com-

mand they belonged. When told he said, "If I am not too inquisitive can I ask where you are going?" Jett answered, "That's a secret, where we are going."

Herold said that their name was Boyd, that his brother had been wounded, that they were anxious to get away but that the negro Lucas refused to take them any further. He asked Jett if he would help them to get through the lines.

Jett said he couldn't go with any man he didn't know anything about.

Herold became quite excited and said, "We are the assassins of the president," and gave their real names.

Greatly surprised at this announcement, the three officers after conferring for a few moments agreed to assist them.

Booth, now getting out of the wagon, hobbled towards them and said, "I suppose you have been told who I am." Receiving an affirmative answer, he threw his weight on his crutch and drawing his revolver said coolly: "Yes, I am John Wilkes Booth, the slayer of Abraham Lincoln, and I am worth just one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to the man who captures me."

His face, haggard and pinched with suf-

fering, his whole appearance betokening the hardships he had undergone, he stood desperate and at bay.

Ruggles said that while they did not sanction his act they were not men to take "blood money" and that they would keep the promise made to his friend to take him to a place of safety.

"God bless you, sir," said Booth.

They lifted him upon Ruggles's horse and crossed the river together, intently watched by Rollins, who said nothing. As they landed Booth exclaimed: "I'm safe in glorious old Virginia, thank God."

Jett, who knew the country and the people, tried to find a refuge with a woman at Port Royal, representing Booth to be a wounded Confederate, but she would not receive him. He was equally unsuccessful at the house of a Mr. Cattell — he was away. He then proposed that they should take Booth to the Garrett farm, about three miles distant on the road to Bowling Green, tell the family who he was, and trust to their hospitality to see him kindly cared for until he should see fit to seek other quarters.

"I'm in your hands," said Booth, "do with me as you think best."

With Booth mounted behind Jett and Herold behind Ruggles they set out.

The Garrett house stood some distance back from the road and was a plain farm building with a wide piazza in front.

Herold wanted to go to Bowling Green to buy a pair of shoes, and went no further than the gate, Jett going to the house with Booth. He did not carry out his intention of telling who he was but introduced him to Mr. Garrett as James William Boyd, the son of an old friend, wounded in the Confederate cause, and asked Garrett to take care of him until Wednesday when he would return for him.

The rest of the party rode on to Bowling Green, followed by Jett; Herold and Bainbridge spending that night and the greater part of the next day at a Mrs. Clark's, while Jett and Ruggles went to the Goldman house at Bowling Green kept by a Mr. Goldman to whose daughter Jett was engaged.

Booth slept that night at Garrett's in a room with his two sons Jack and Willie, who had just returned from the war, and all night the force destined to be his captors were afoot in Virginia drawing nearer and nearer to his hiding place.

## IX

ONE of the telegrams dictated by Secretary Stanton from the Peterson house, in the early morning of April 15th, was to Col. Lafayette C. Baker, chief of the National Service Bureau, then in New York: "Come here immediately and see if you can find the murderer of the president." Colonel Baker arrived in Washington the same day.

His first step was to issue a circular describing the assassins and offering a reward for their capture. This reward, at first only \$30,000 was increased to a very large sum, and though so great an incentive enlisted the services of an army of detectives, amateur and professional, ten days passed before the slightest clue was obtained. Then a detective sent by Colonel Baker into lower Maryland found the negro who had seen Booth and Herold in Nanjemoy Cove, and sent him to Washington. A large number of photographs were shown him from which he picked out pictures of Booth and Herold as those of the men he had seen.

At three o'clock on the same day, Lieut. Edward P. Doherty of the 16th New York Cavalry, with twenty-five men, Sergeant Boston Corbett, second in command, with three days rations and forage, were on board the steamer "John S. Ide," as a guard to detectives Lieut. S. B. Baker and Capt. E. J. Conger.

At about ten o'clock in the evening the party landed at Belle Plain on the Potomac and the search commenced.

All night the detectives scoured the country, representing themselves as of the Southern party in search of two missing comrades, one of them lame. Every house at which they made inquiry was the house of a Southern sympathizer, and the utmost good will was shown them, but when they rejoined the cavalry escort at three o'clock on the morning of Tuesday the 25th not the slightest clue had been found.

After a halt for rest and breakfast at the house of Doctor Ashton the whole party set out for Port Conway on the Rappahannock.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon they stopped for dinner at Mr. Turner's, within half a mile of the ferry.

Baker or Doherty (for each claimed the honor) started on ahead of the rest, and finding Rollins questioned him closely. He admitted that he had taken two men, one of whom was lame, across the river the day before and identified the photographs of Booth and Herold. He knew the other men who had crossed at the same time. He could not tell where they had gone but knew that Jett had a sweetheart at Bowling Green and thought he must have gone there.

The rest of the party was immediately ordered up, and taking Rollins with them as a guide they started about sunset for Bowling Green.

Poor Rollins was to be another of the many victims of the assassin's crime. "His neighbors charged him with the betrayal of Booth and ostracised him completely for a period of thirty years. The claim that he had received money for the part he played was always denied by Rollins and the records of the treasury department show no such payment."

Booth had spent this day lying on the lawn in front of the house playing with the chil-

dren. There were no telegraph lines in the neighborhood and no mail service at this time; the news of the assassination had not reached the Garretts and they had no suspicions of their agreeable guest.

In the afternoon he got little Rob Garrett, a boy of ten, to take down from the wall a large map of the United States, and spreading it on the floor he traced several routes all leading to Mexico, taking notes as he did so.

He was on the lawn when, late in the afternoon, Herold returned with Ruggles and Bainbridge.

Ruggles says that then and there Booth gave him a history of the conspiracy and his flight, speaking quietly, sometimes without emotion and sometimes defiantly and now and then unable to repress a groan of pain.

He said that the plot had been to capture Mr. Lincoln and carry him a prisoner to Richmond, as he believed that by such an act the war could be brought to an end, the South being able to dictate terms with such a hostage in its hands. As this failed, he decided at the last moment to strike death blows at Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and General Grant.



In the plot to kill, Payne alone was implicated with him, not even Herold knowing what was to be done. He did not mention the name of Mrs. Surratt.

He said that Payne was to kill Mr. Seward, and he, favored by the fact that President Lincoln and General Grant were to attend the theater together, was to kill both of them. General Grant having been called away, his life was saved, for said Booth, "I would have made no failure with either, as I had laid my plans for success only."

That Andrew Johnson might appear to be implicated in the plot of assassination, Booth said that he had left that morning a note at the hotel.

It may be remembered that Booth's card was found on the afternoon of April 14th in the box of the vice-president's secretary at the Kirkwood, on which was written "Don't wish to disturb you; are you at home." J. Wilkes Booth.

If there was any truth in Booth's statement as to the intended implication of the vice-president the plan must have been abandoned at the last, when his murder was assigned to Atzerodt.

Booth further told Ruggles, that he had no idea from the information received about Washington, that the war had really ended; for had he not believed that it would be kept up by the South, he would not have struck the blow as he did.

After getting safely out of Washington his intention was to cross the river as quickly as possible into the Confederacy. Joining Herold at a rendezvous, they had ridden hard through the night to gain a place of safety, but having a broken leg, and learning after several days, through the papers, that the war was at an end, he determined to make his way to the silver mines of Mexico, feeling that the South was no place of refuge for him.

He showed Ruggles three five-dollar bills, all that he had except a bill of exchange, while Herold had not as much.

Ruggles asked him why he did not attempt to go to Europe and he answered that there was no asylum for such as he where monarchs ruled, as they feared their own lives might be in danger from the example he had set.

He seemed to feel that he had been

spurred on to the deed through a duty he owed the country to bring the war to an end, and said that he never would be taken alive. If he had not broken his leg he could readily have distanced all pursuit. He was disappointed at the reception he met with in Virginia and said that he was prepared to meet any fate.

Ruggles examined the broken leg, and speaking with some experience expressed the belief that amputation was an immediate necessity but probably would not have saved Booth's life.

As Ruggles and Bainbridge were on their way back to Port Royal after this visit to Booth, they met a soldier of Bainbridge's command who warned them that the town was full of Yankees who had learned that Booth crossed the river the day before.

They hurried back to Garrett's to give the alarm, seen and pursued for a short distance by Captain Doherty's men.

Booth was still lying on the lawn when they reached the farm with the news that his enemies were on his track. They advised him to take shelter in the woods.

"Get over there at once," said Bainbridge, "and hide yourself. In those wooded ravines, you will never be found."

"Yes," said Ruggles, "get there as quickly as you can and lose no time in starting."

Booth struggled to his feet and replied, "I'll do as you say, boys, right off. Ride on! Good bye! It will never do for you to be found in my company. Rest assured of one thing, good friends, Wilkes Booth will never be taken alive."

Before he could leave the lawn he saw his pursuers pass along the road leaving behind them the man they sought.

He now determined to leave Garrett's that night and offered Jack Garrett \$150 for his horse. The offer was refused, but Garrett consented to take them to Guinea Station, a distance of eighteen miles, the next morning and Booth paid him ten dollars in advance.

To explain his anxiety and the excitement which he could not conceal he said that he had had a little brush with the Yankees over in Maryland, and thought he and Herold would sleep in the barn that night.

The Garretts had now become suspicious of their guests and feared that under cover

of sleeping in the barn they intended to steal the horse that they could not buy, so after Booth and Herold had gone to the barn, they led the horses into the woods and locking the barn door, slept in the corn crib near by.

## X

IN THE early morning of April 26th the pursuing party reached Bowling Green and surrounded the "Goodman House." Their knock at the door was answered by Mrs. Goodman who admitted that there was a Confederate soldier in the house and pointed out his room. Upon being told that he was wanted, Jett, for it was he, immediately got out of bed and commenced dressing. "Where are the two men who came with you across the river?" said Conger. "Can I see you alone?" Jett replied. After Lieutenants Baker and Doherty had gone out the room Jett said, "I know whom you want and I will tell you where they can be found. They are on the road to Port Royal about three miles this side of that." "At whose house are they?" "Mr. Garrett's, I will go with you and show you where they are."

"You say they are on the road to Port Royal — I have just come from there." Jett stopped a moment seeming to be much em-

barrassed. He had evidently mistaken the character of his visitors. "I thought you came from Richmond," he said, "If you have come that way you came past them. I cannot tell you whether they are there now or not."

In less than half an hour the jaded horses and their still more jaded riders were on their way back through absolute darkness and amid choking dust to Garrett's farm, twelve miles away.

Jett under threat of death was their guide with his bridle reins fastened to the men on either side of him lest he should escape.

He was another of the many victims of the great crime. Jilted by his sweetheart, ostracised by his friends, outlawed by his family, and finally compelled to leave the neighborhood, he died in an insane asylum in Baltimore.

Between three and four o'clock in the morning the party arrived at Garrett's. Old Mr. Garrett answered their summons and to their inquiries as to the whereabouts of the two men said they had gone to the woods.

"Bring me a lariat rope," said Conger, "and I will put that man up to the top of one of those locust trees." It might have gone

hard with the old man but at this juncture Jack Garrett was brought in. "Don't injure father," he said, "I will tell you all about it. The men did go to the woods last evening when some cavalrymen went by, but they came back and wanted us to take them to Louisa Court House. We said we couldn't leave till morning, if at all, we were becoming suspicious of them and father told them they could not stay with us."

"Where are they now?"

"In the barn; my brother locked them up for fear they would steal the horses. He is now keeping watch in the corn crib."

The brother was now brought in with the key of the barn. Lieutenant Baker told him he must go in the barn and get the arms from the men, "they know you and you can go in."

Then to the inmates of the barn Baker said, "We are going to send this man, on whose premises you are, in to get your arms and you must come out and deliver yourselves up."

Despite his strenuous objections, Jack Garrett was compelled to enter and presently voices could be heard, finally the voice of the



tragedian in his last act, "You have betrayed me, sir; leave this barn or I will shoot you."

As young Garrett came out Booth was again called upon to surrender.

"For whom do you take me?" he said.

"It doesn't make any difference — come out."

"I am a cripple and alone. I may be taken by my friends."

Baker now warned him that unless he came out at once the barn would be fired.

"Captain, if you will withdraw your men a hundred yards I will come out and fight you."

"We did not come here to fight," said Baker.

"There is a man here," said Booth, "who wants to surrender awful bad" — then they heard him say to Herold, "Leave me, will you? Go. I don't want you to stay."

"Bring out your arms and you can come."

Herold said he had none and Booth confirmed the statement.

"He has no arms, the arms are mine and I shall keep them."

The door was opened a little way and

Herold told to put out his hands. They were seized, he was drawn out and put under guard.

One of the officers then said to Booth: "You had better come out too."

"No, I have not made up my mind; but draw your men up fifty paces off and give me a chance for my life. I will not be taken alive."

The offer was refused, and he was given two minutes to give himself up.

"Well, then, my brave boys," came the answer that could be heard by the women gathered on the porch, "prepare a stretcher for me." Then after a slight pause he added, "One more stain on the glorious old banner."

Conger drew a handful of corn blades through a crack in the barn and set fire to them. In a moment the interior of the barn was brilliant with light.

Booth was leaning against the mow; he sprang forward, his crutch under his arm and his carbine levelled in the direction of the flames. Then dropping his crutch he hobbled towards the door. When near the middle of the barn he stopped, drew himself

up, and seemed to take in the entire situation. His hat was gone, his lips were firmly compressed, and there was in his eyes an expression of mingled hatred and defiance. The flames had now reached the rafters. He dropped his carbine, raised his revolver, and made a spring for the door. There was a shot and he fell forward on his face.

Sergeant Boston Corbett, an eccentric character, had stolen up to the side of the barn, placed his revolver at a crack, and fired the fatal shot. This at least was the accepted story, but Major Ruggles was of the opinion that Booth shot himself.

"Having asked Captain Doherty," says Ruggles, "to fall back fifty paces with his men and give him a chance to come out, and his request being refused, deserted by Herold, the barn on fire, seeing that he must perish in the flames or be taken to Washington and hanged, Booth, helpless, alone and at bay, placed his pistol at the back of his head and took his own life. No one saw Corbett fire, and one chamber of Booth's revolver, held in his hand, was empty and I am by no means alone in the belief that he killed himself."

As Corbett was crossing the lawn about daybreak Conger asked him why he had fired contrary to orders. Corbett saluted and pointed upwards, "God Almighty directed me," he said.

"Well," said Conger, "I guess he did, or you couldn't have hit Booth through that crack."

Corbett afterwards said that unless he had fired, Lieutenant Baker, who stood at the door, would have been killed. Some years afterwards he became insane and was confined in a Kansas asylum, where he was still living in 1889.

As soon as Booth fell the officers rushed into the barn and carried him out and laid him under a tree on the lawn. Water was dashed in his face and brandy and water given him but he could not swallow. Opening his eyes, he said, "Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was for the best."

The heat from the burning barn now became so great that he was moved to the piazza of the house. Dr. Urquhart, a physi-

cian of Port Royal, was summoned but could do nothing.

Under the influence of stimulants applied to his lips he revived a little and said, "Oh, kill me, kill me quick."

His hand was lifted up but fell back at his side. He turned his eyes and murmured "Useless, useless." It was about quarter past three when he was carried out of the barn, and at a little after seven he died.

The bullet had struck him in almost the exact spot where his own shot had struck the president, and he died at almost the same time in the day.

Conger took from his body the diary, a large bowie knife, two pistols, a compass, a scarf pin presented by Dan Bryant, and a draft on the Ontario Bank of Canada for £60, and started at once for Washington. The diary was given to Secretary Stanton with the other articles, but was not produced or even referred to on the military trial.

It was put in evidence on the trial of Surratt.

## XI

WHILE breakfast was being prepared, Booth's body was sewed up in a saddle blanket and placed in a rickety market wagon belonging to an old negro, and Lieutenant Baker with a corporal set out with it for Belle Plain. The cavalry followed later with Herold and the other prisoners.

Some time after crossing the Rappahannock, Baker discovered that they had mistaken their route. The corporal was sent back to urge the cavalry to follow and Baker was left alone with his negro driver, in the enemy's country. To complete his discomfiture the king bolt of the old wagon broke and the body lurched heavily forward. The army blanket was wet with blood which trickled down on the axle. Some of it fell upon the hand of the old negro as he crawled under the wagon to repair the break. Terrified he exclaimed, "It will nebber wash off, it am de blood of a murderer," and tried to escape, but Baker forced him to go on.

After a hot and dusty journey of thirty miles, at twilight they came in sight of the Potomac to find that the landing place was a mile up the river. They could see the "Ide" lying at the wharf, but they had no boat with which to reach it. Hiding the body under some willows on the shore in charge of the old darkey, Baker had to go back a distance of two miles before reaching the road to the wharf where Lieutenant Doherty and his command had already arrived.

The body was placed on the deck of the John S. Ide, which immediately started for Washington. Then it was put on board the gunboat "Montauk" on a carpenter's bench under guard, and the next morning was identified and the autopsy performed.

As soon as Conger had made his report to Colonel Baker, the latter at once went to Secretary Stanton. "I rushed into the room," relates Colonel Baker, and said 'we have got Booth.' Secretary Stanton was distinguished during the whole war for his coolness, but I never saw such an exhibition of it in my life as at that time. He put his hands over his eyes and lay for nearly a minute without saying a word. Then he got up, put on his coat,

and inquired how the capture had come about."

On his return Lieutenant Baker related the story in detail. Mr. Stanton held Booth's carbine and when Baker had finished his recital, handed it to him saying: "Are you accustomed to using a carbine? If so, what is the matter with this one? It cannot be discharged."

Upon examination it was found that a cartridge had slipped out of position so that when the lever was worked it could not be thrown under the hammer. Perhaps it was for this reason that Booth could not use it in the barn.

On April 28th Colonel Baker received orders to dispose of Booth's body so that his Confederate friends could not get it.

With Lieutenant Baker he reached the gunboat about dark. Again the body was sewn up in an army blanket and lowered into a small boat and a heavy ball and chain were placed in the boat to convey the impression to the many who looked on that the body was to be sunk in the river.

In the gathering darkness the boat was allowed to drift down the river to Geese-



borough Point, and when its occupants were assured that they had not been followed they pulled slowly back until they were under the walls of the old Penitentiary. A hole had been let in to the masonry close to the water's edge and through this the body was carried into one of the cells. A huge stone in the floor had been raised and a shallow grave dug under it and at midnight Booth's body was placed in it, the slab replaced, and the two officers returned to Washington.

For several years no one but Colonel and Lieutenant Baker and two or three other officers knew what disposition had been made of Booth's body.

Some time after permission was given for the removal of the remains to Baltimore where they were buried in the family plot at Greenmount Cemetery.

## XII

ON MAY 11th, 1865, one week after the body of Lincoln had been buried in Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield, the trial of Payne, Herold, Atzerodt, Mrs. Surratt, Arnold, O'Laughlin, Dr. Mudd, and Spangler was commenced at the old Penitentiary in the Arsenal grounds before a military commission. Its members were Generals David Hunter, Lew Wallace, August V. Kautz, A. P. Howe, R. S. Foster, J. A. Elkin, F. H. Hawes, and Colonels C. H. Tompkins and D. R. Clendennin.

The judge advocate and recorder was Hon. John A. Bingham and Col. H. L. Burnett.

The prisoners were represented by Reverdy Johnson, Thos. Ewing, Jr., Frederick Stone, Frederick A. Aiken, W. E. Doster, and Walter S. Cox.

On June 30th they were convicted. On Monday, July 5th, sentence was passed upon the prisoners, and on the same day it was

approved by President Johnson. Payne, Herold, Atzerodt, and Mrs. Surratt were sentenced to be hanged, Mudd, Arnold, and O'Laughlin to imprisonment for life in the Dry Tortugas, and Spangler to imprisonment for six years.

Their sentences were made known to the prisoners on Thursday, July 6th. On the morning of the next day a writ of habeas corpus was granted in the case of Mrs. Surratt to which General Hancock made return of the order of the president suspending the writ.

At half-past one on the same day Payne, Herold, Atzerodt, and Mrs. Surratt were hanged.

On July 25th Mudd, Arnold, O'Laughlin and Spangler arrived at Dry Tortugas on the steamer "Florida."

During the fourth year of their confinement yellow fever broke out in the prison. O'Laughlin died September 23rd of the fever, and as the resident surgeon also fell a victim Dr. Mudd was called upon to attend the sick and his skill and zeal saved many lives. After the recovery of Spangler and Arnold, the doctor himself was seized with

the fever, and his recovery was due to the care of Spangler.

On February 8th, 1869, Dr. Mudd was pardoned by President Johnson, and Spangler and Arnold on March 1st, 1869.

Dr. Mudd returned to his home in Maryland and there after the lapse of two years Spangler made his way. The affection of this man for the doctor, whom he had never met before the trial, was so strong as to be pathetic.

Spangler died there in 1879, and the doctor in 1882 and each left a sworn statement, it is said, treating fully the circumstances which led to their imprisonment, and each protesting his innocence to the last.

John H. Surratt claimed to have heard of the assassination while in Elmira, from the newspapers, on the morning following, and of his suspected complicity in the plot on the next morning while *en route* to New York City.

He fled to Montreal where he remained concealed by Roman Catholic priests for nearly five months. He took the steamer "Montreal" to Quebec September 15th,

1865, and on the 16th sailed in the "Peruvian" for England.

From England he went to Paris and thence to Rome, where, under the name of Watson, he enlisted in the Papal Zouaves. While in this corps he was recognized by St. Marie, a Canadian acquaintance, who betrayed him and although there was no extradition treaty between the United States and the Pope, he was arrested.

On the day following, while under the guard of six men, he leaped blindly from a rocky precipice over one hundred feet high, and alighting by chance on a projecting rock thirty feet below, clambered down, escaped, reached Naples in the course of a week, and sailed to Alexandria on the same vessel which carried the instructions to the consul there that led to his arrest.

He was brought back by the "Swatara" of the European squadron. He sailed from Alexandria December 21st, 1866, arrived at Cape Henry February 18th, 1867, and about the 21st he was delivered at Washington and tried there by a civil court.

The trial commenced June 17th, 1867, and

ended August 10th, more than two hundred witnesses being examined.

The jury disagreed. A second indictment was found against him but the district attorney entered a *nolle-prosequi* and he was released from custody June 22nd, 1868.













